

The THESSALONIAN DOPE GODS / GOOD EYE SHIMMY RECORDINGS / APE STUDIOS
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www.thethessaloniandopegods.com



CHAPTER III: ALL MANNER OF BEAST

The media archaeologists came upon the empty tomb of the Thessalonian Dope Gods in 2003, overjoyed to find the body newly resurrected (and not too hideously vandalized), having eluded much of the cancerous musical mass of the '90s in the mysterious thralldom of death (a subconscious repelling sidestep). Fully functional — and operating at a higher-efficiency rate with better viscosity — the accounts of resurrection circulated wide and far. Lightning had struck again. Dedicated scholars everywhere advocated a case for the contemporary TDG gospel. Disciples chimed on...

As expected, the public was weary. They were, after all, just getting used to a round world. How could the hard-working families of America cast their lot in with such a base group of ridiculously savagely ridiculous reactionaries? Could there be room for *High Idol Pulsation* in the nuclear family?

Then, in one exposing swoop (dubbed the Twentieth Century in some circles), it was suddenly understood that the public has always been wrong... even before the beginning. Simply put, man has never been able to attain taste through money alone; he does not revolutionize art by juggling subject-matter. The eye of the beholder only trained himself to poke with a stick.

"Get me the Thessalonian Dope Gods on line one!" the Operative Forces exclaimed, "For the Great Age of Canned Music has collapsed under the weight of its own feeble shadow!"

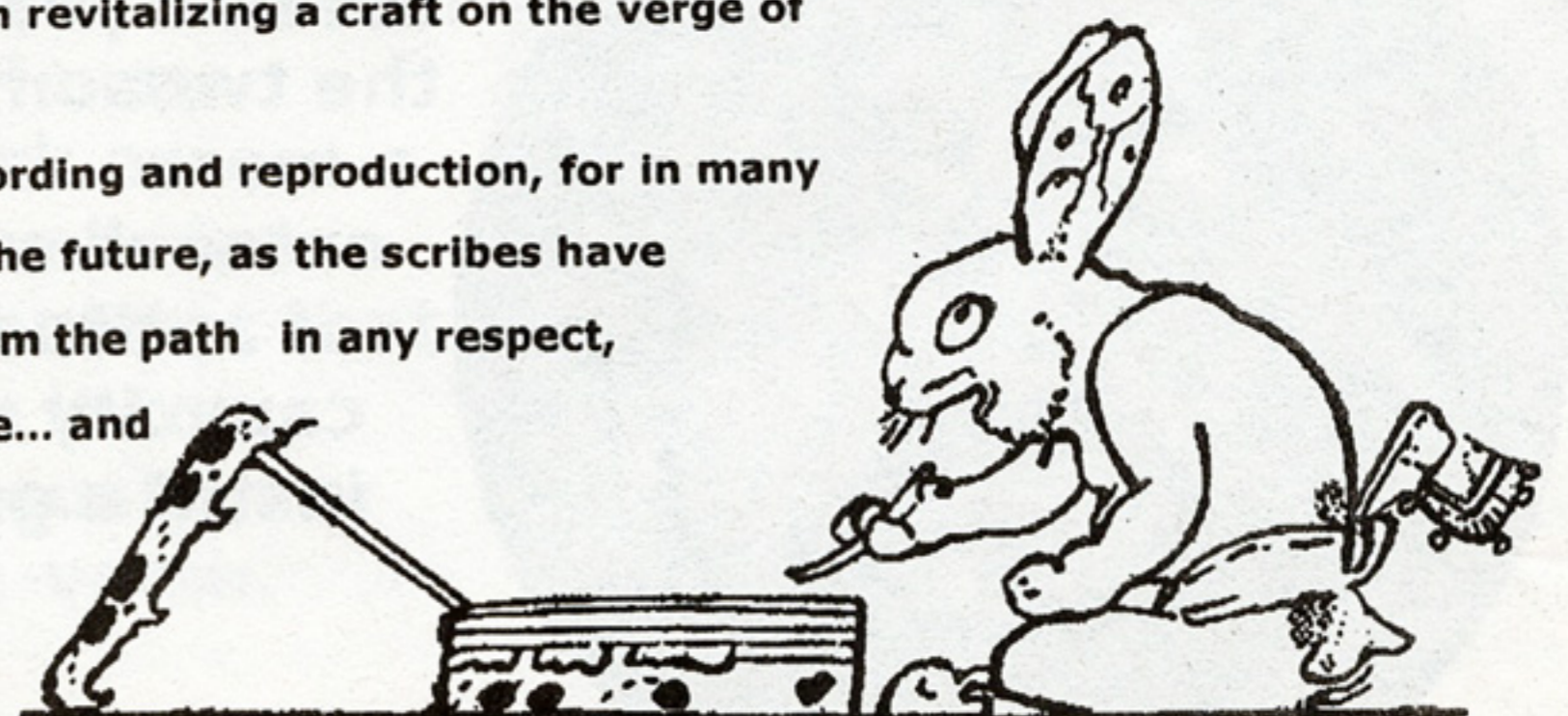
Hence, the TDG was called forth to rebuke the communal fashion, flee the sea of executive producers, co-producers, make-up artists, and gophers, and order the complete annihilation of almost everything recorded (no pessimism, for pessimists foretell black futures). In the empty tomb, the Human Animal was welcomed to slowly prophesize and lambaste in its own image, with no underlying bitterness... just distress (only those with the insolent lack of professional conscience must be chided). Besides, a man who has ruined himself for a whore has at least bought pleasure... and so the merchandizing of the future, like any other operation, required demonstration. Fate could hardly expect to hoist a phonograph without playing a record or two.

"Supporting the left and working for dead revolution against the aristocracy amounts to sawing off the branch one sits on, doesn't it?" they asked.

And so, with answers to frequently asked questions in hand, the chosen Music-Makers rushed back to the assembly-line, and the sacred flame of a generation of makers was passed over to those hellbent on revitalizing a craft on the verge of extinction.

Meanwhile, let us not be too hasty in canning this new sound recording and reproduction, for in many cases it may be well worth listening to. The TDG are not inevitably men of the future, as the scribes have prophesized, just men of all time. Had there been any tendency to depart from the path in any respect, the possible presence of hostile witnesses would have served as a corrective... and that is why the tribe now swells...

Herein lies *All Manner of Beast* — weigh the evidence carefully.

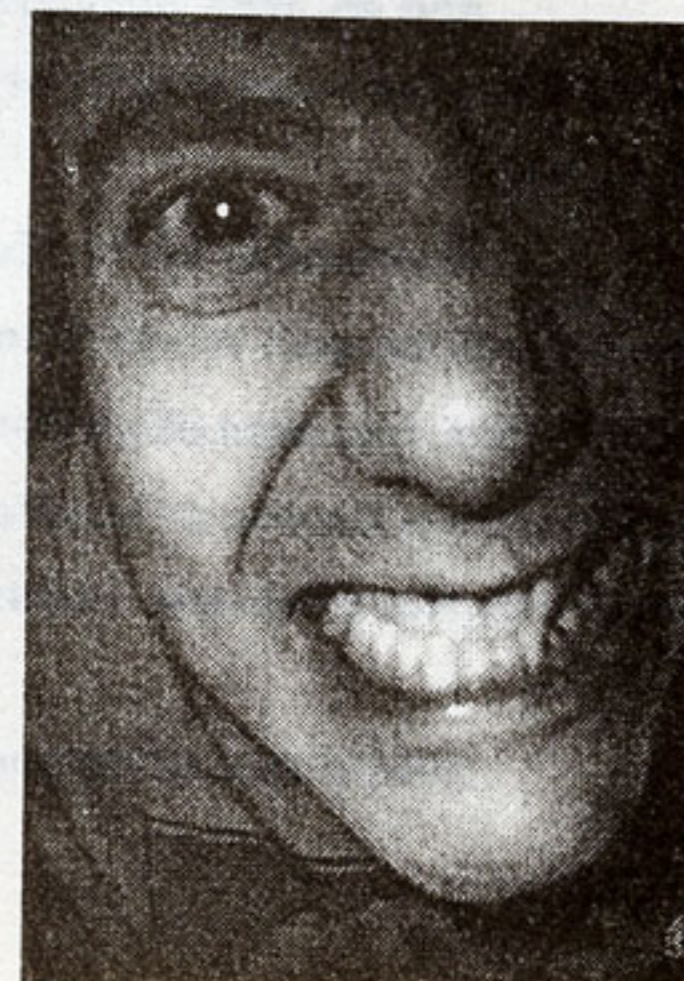
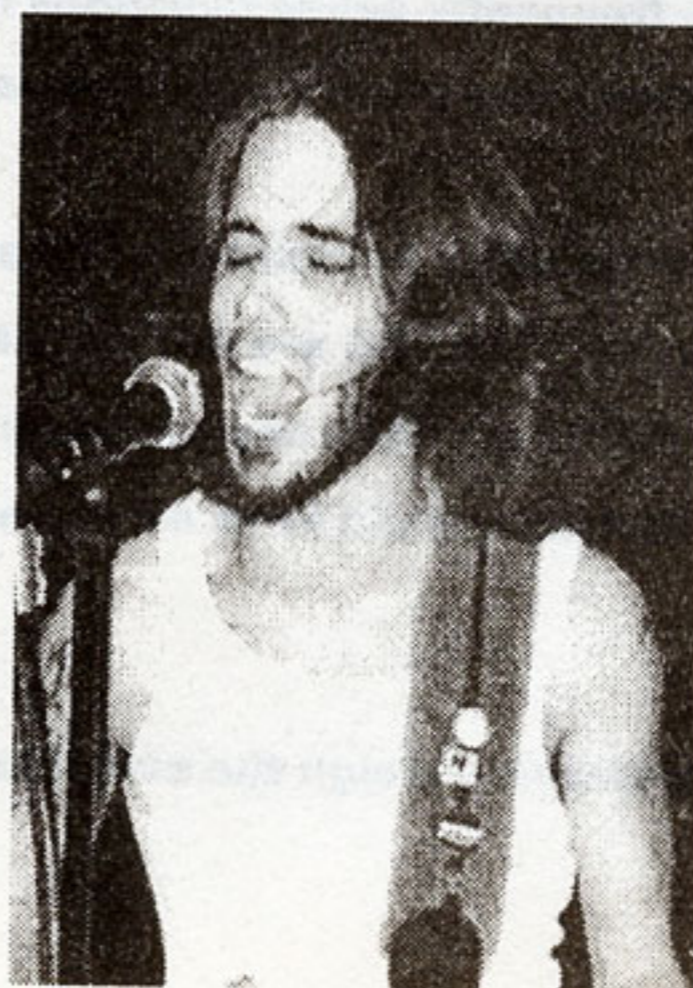
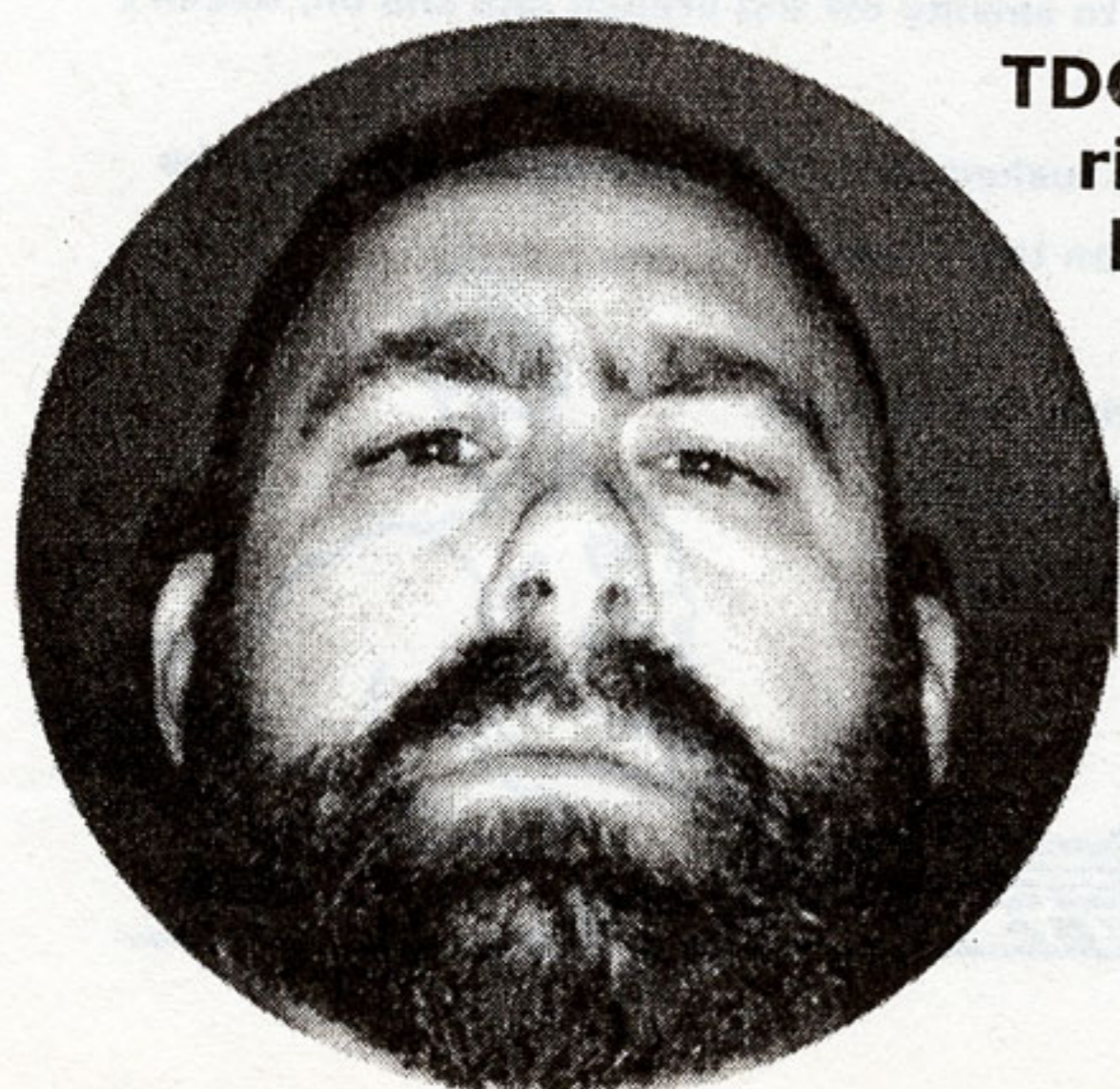
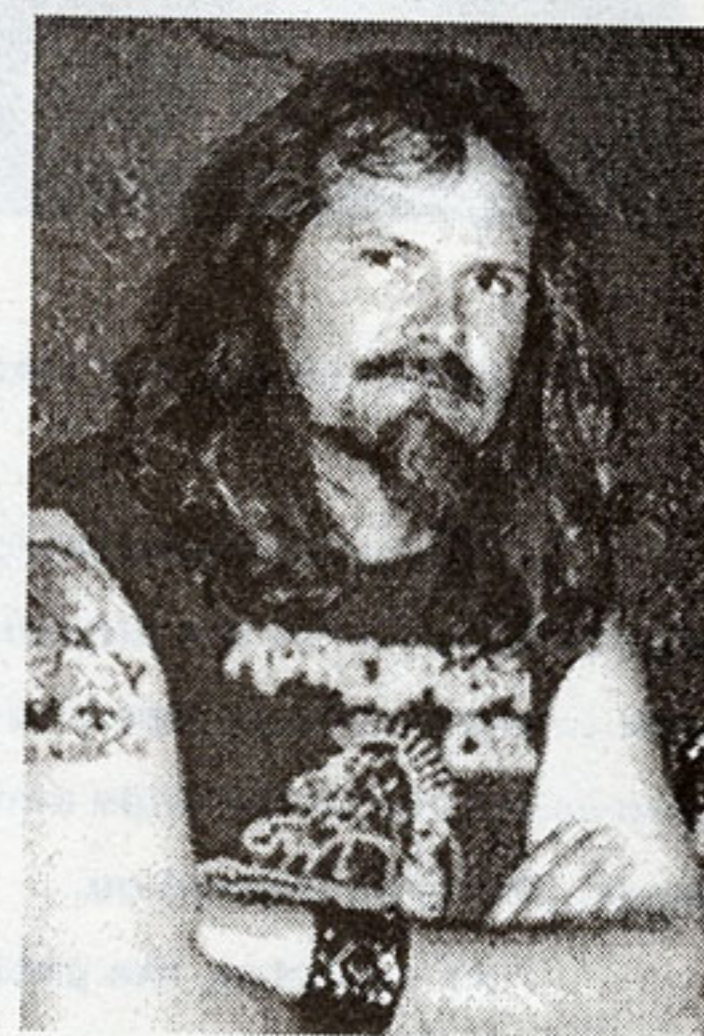
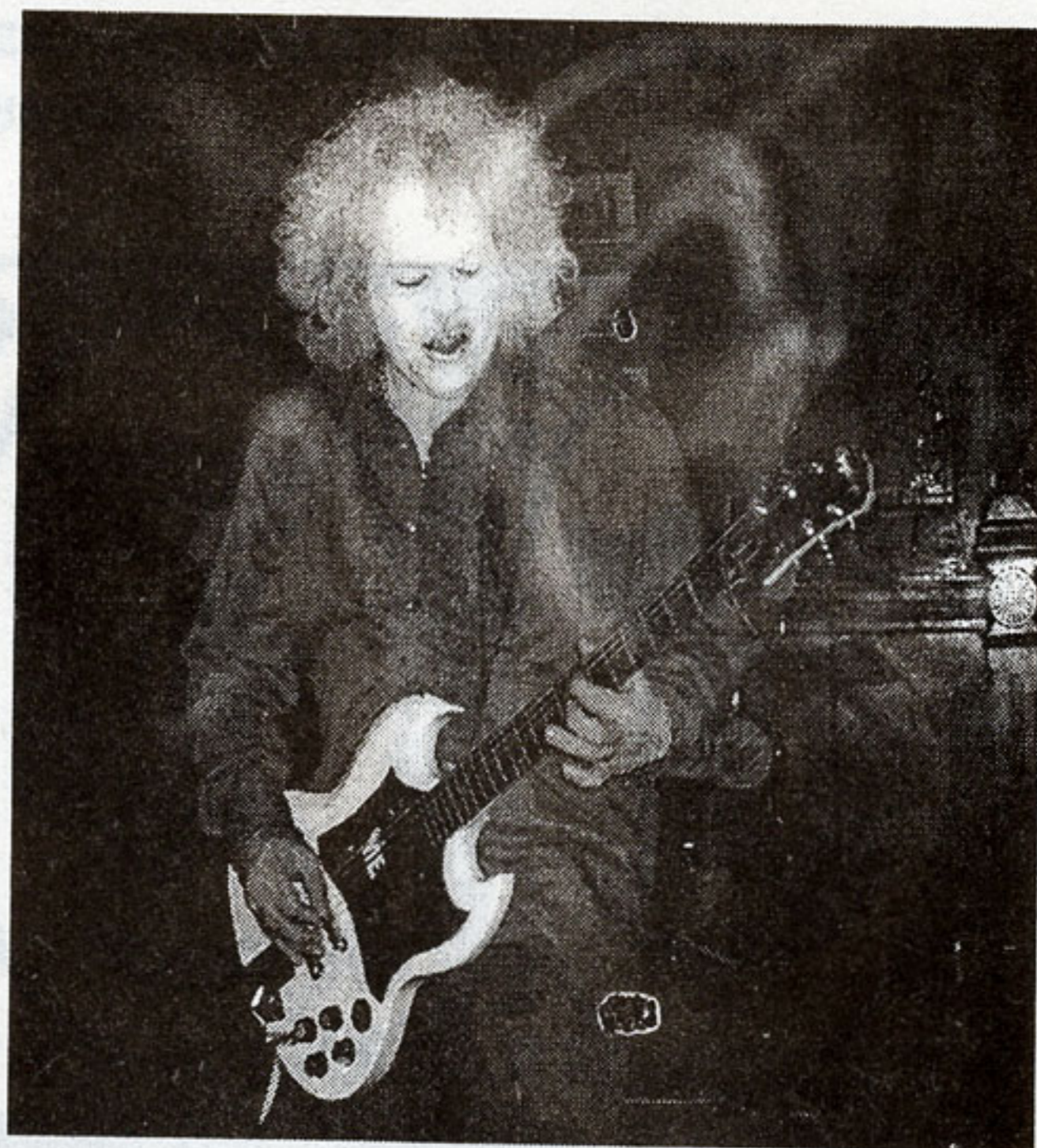


...When something continues to expand while remaining true to its core sound and mission, something evolutionary happens. A cross-linking reaction initiates itself, becomes accountable for its improved properties, and begins to mutate in a histrionic quest for survival. The resulting conversion – the ensuing artful cockroach – then operates at a much higher temperature, able to withstand harsher chemical environments, which, in turn, help expand the industrial separation process. And when that mutant undergoes a solid-state reaction without its density being significantly increased, a special feature results in the world of dead radio – an entirely new class of pathogen emerges. But, after a while, the other viruses and bugs also adapt to the new mutant – be it television violence or musical advancement – and a variant of the drug becomes necessity.

With *All Manner of Beast*, the Thessalonian Dope Gods have eclipsed the madness of their past, creating a more ghastly phenotype that seems dead-set against being nailed to a single set of rules or expectations. A new watermark has emerged, multiplying its previous options with dirty water and poor working conditions. The atmospheric, trance-inducing rumbles have grown longer tentacles, only to tangle with verbal wordplay, satire and personal elucidation to create a much darker, meaner, and more complicated beast.

The Thessalonian Dope Gods weren't born mutants, but they've been battling inner monsters and external beasts out of obligation. As a result, something with more than seven heads and ten horns has risen up from the studio, but the name of blasphemy is certainly not a cranial billboard here, just a passing fancy. There is more than meets the eye...

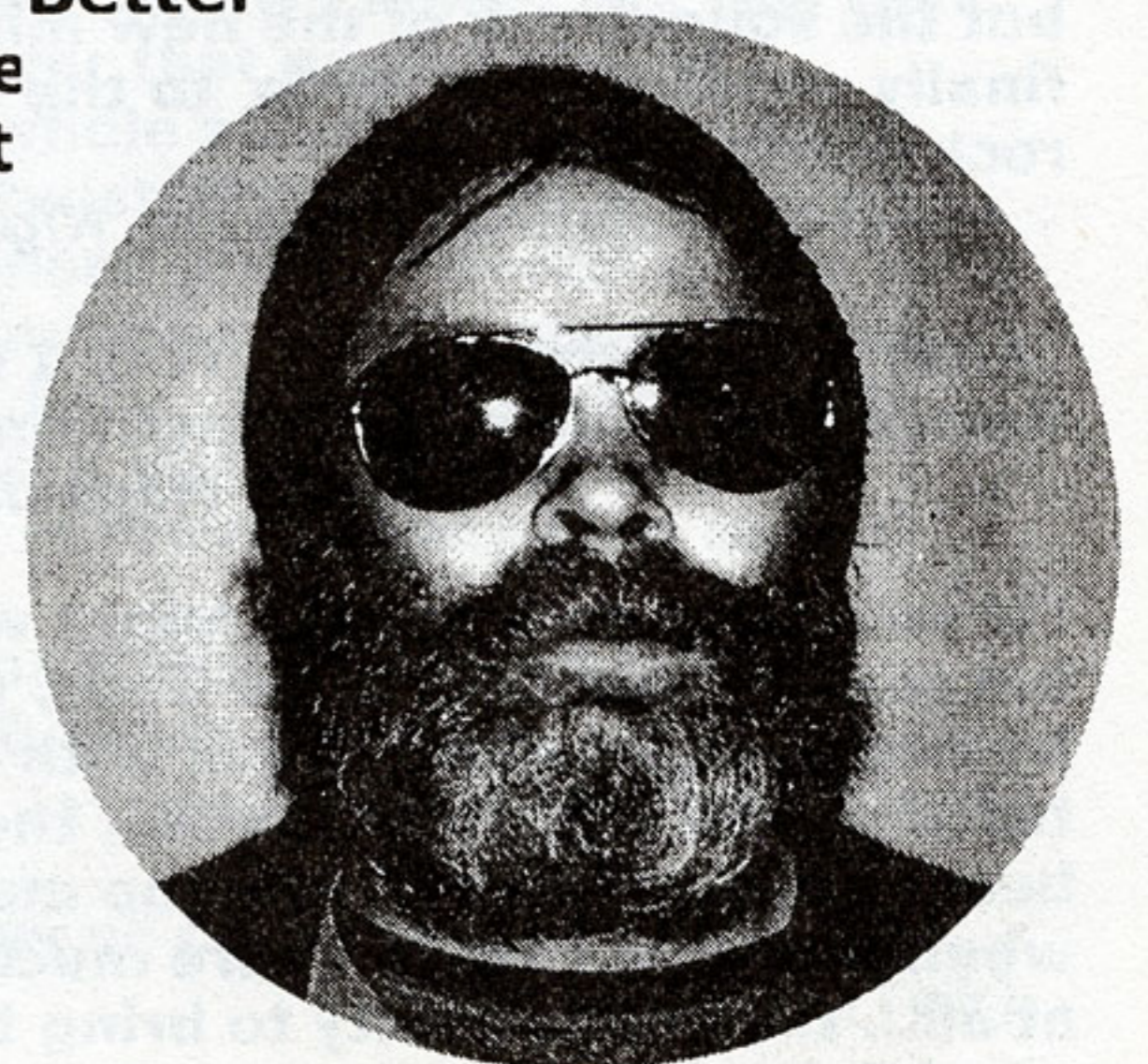
And although the TDG toiled long and rigorously over the last few years, the twosome felt a more extensive range of aptitude and capacity would instill a greater





firepower in their premeditated arsenal. Thus, recruits, old and new, exploded on the horizon, suiting up for harmonious labor and combat. Bass in hand, Ron Holzner (Debris Inc., ex-Trouble, ex-Place of Skulls) stepped forth to assist Micah Shimborske (The PB Army), while Clutch frontman Neal Fallon signed on, providing lead-vocals on "Doom An Evil Deed." Drummers Ben Bomlitz (Evolotto) and Nick Grifka (Highbinder) showed up for active-duty, as did bassists Kevin Kekes (Damien, ex-Chastain, ex-Southern Gentlemen) and Mahlon Orrin (ex-Koufax, ex-Next 2 Nothing, ex-Black Dahlia Murder). Guitarist Brad Coffin (Five Horse Johnson), Gwar guitarist/bassist Beefcake the Mighty (Todd Evans), and Dick Van Dork founder Rob Gehl rounded out the far-reaching unit alongside Chrome Helmet vocalist Carl Wilson and Highbinder guitarist Andrew Clark. Finally, internationally celebrated illustrators Dan Yaccarino (*Oswald*) and Michael Wm. Kaluta (*The Shadow*) manned the home-base, remaining behind-the-scenes. The Kiss Army trembled.

The number of combatants who pop up certainly doesn't detract from the patchwork feeling of the data; it may even goad the sense that one never quite knows what's waiting around the corner. Proving to be neither an angry 'rock' act with incessantly chugging guitars or a sample-crazed electronica group, the Thessalonian Dope Gods and company have originated the proper way to marry the often-conflicting sounds of multiple genres into a cohesive, unforced whole. They are a tightly wrapped package that ticks when shaken, making it difficult to pinpoint absorbing individual moments and influences. Better yet, they are the Typhoid Mary at an all-you-can-eat buffet, and their unbiased offal may shock or disturb the organisms that take it too seriously... or vice-versa.



IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN...

"Their sound is best described as a Frankenstein's monster formed from the body parts of Scissorfight, Devo, Clutch and White Zombie and taught how to dance. This is an odd, creative album that definitely has a place on my top ten list this year."

— *Metal Judgement* (Redwolff)

"Damn fine music — probably ahead of its time. The possibilities here are endless and quite baffling. I'll bet that there are more bands that sound like this in the near future. For now, this is the only place that you'll get it."

— *Neo-Zine* (Wednesday Elektra)

"The TDG are easily one of the best industrial bands out there today... this colossal offering from the Dope Gods, who successfully forge a deadly audio weapon with industrial beats and raging guitars, is sure to make you into one of the Dope God faithful... this sort of eclectic presentation of sounds and styles mixed with well-written and thoroughly engrossing lyrics is rare, and for that I give it a ten"

— *Gothic.net Webzine* (Justin Rowland)

"Pays reverence to those early days of industrial when bands in the ilk of Pop Will Eat Itself, early Front Line Assembly and Meat Beat Manifesto were scaring the adults of that first wave of goth industrial kids."

— *Torpedo Magazine* (Billy Bob Howdy)

"Technical prowess, intelligence, craftsmanship and all those things...no kidding, it's very impressive" — Rod Swenson (The Plasmatics)

"After showing their potential on their debut disc *Urban Witchcraft* (a CD that has consistently found its way to my stereo since its release all those years ago), *High Idol Pulsation* shows the evolution of a band that, quite frankly, is currently without peer anywhere in the United States... a goulash of macabre industrial rock riffs and twists, garnished with borderline painfully-insightful lyrics, and then smothered with a layer of driving and pulsating rhythms. Sure, it took until 2003 to get here, but the soundtrack of the new millennium has finally arrived. Say 'Hello' to the future of all rock music, folks..."

— Aaron Weisbrod (creator, *Nightmare World*)

"After a few listens to the TDG, I think Mr. Reznor has some real competition."

— *Scene Magazine* (Cleveland)

"If you know no fear, you might wanna check out the Thessalonian Dope Gods, who mix some hardcore, some death/trash with electronic textures and industrial beats... the band has been compared to NIN one too many times when they don't really share much of that sound at all... they have plenty to bring to the table for all of those out there looking for a stronger dose

of whatever you are feeding yourself these days." — *ChainDLK* (Marc Urselli-Schärer)

"Graft Devo's spudhead wonder to Ministry's triphammer darkpop, spatter with Art Of Noise, splice in AC/DC and Rush riffs, stir briskly with punk ethic, and season with hard funk and you can taste some Dope Gods stew. It's industrial, it's thought-provoking, and it's fun."

— *Alternative Press*

"Oh, my God, it feels like ages since I got a metallic industrial album that was worth listening to — well, not anymore! It's cool finally hearing punk-energy, metal-riffs, hip-hop beats, electronics and more combined in a way that doesn't sound designed for radio."

— *Past & Present* (Hans Jakup Eidisgard)

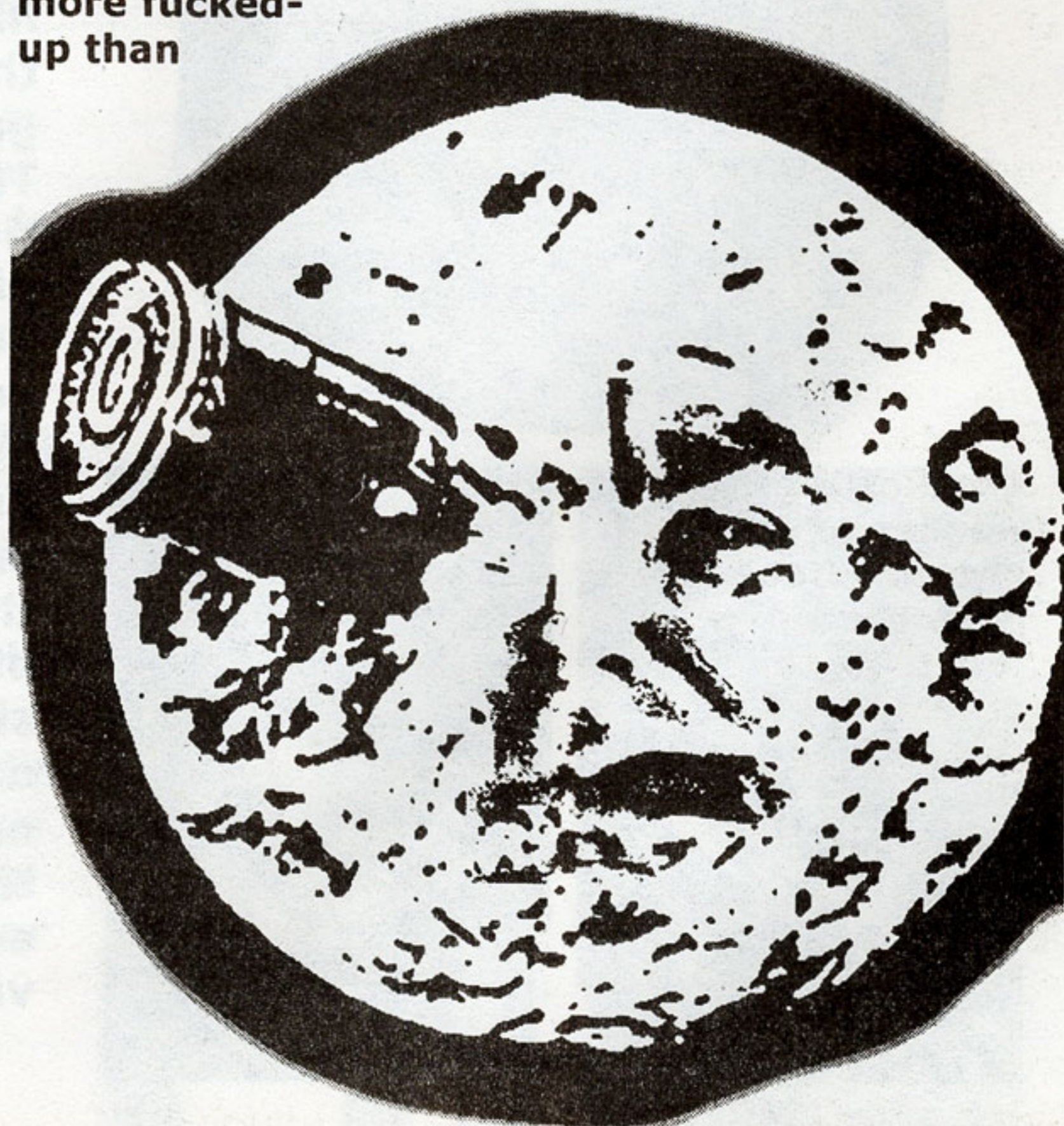
"One of the best indie releases I've heard this year — no matter what your favorite genre might be, you'll find something to like here."

— *Pocket Loop: Darkwave Zine* (RG Geiger)

"*High Idol Pulsation* would fit comfortably amongst elder Waxtrax! industrial — Borghesia, Frontline Assembly, Revolting Cocks... better than 80% of what FM radio calls 'new metal' or 'hard rock' or 'loud rock' or whathavyoo..."

— *Stripwax* (Jeff Noise)

"Industrial rock is the base of TDG, but on that foundation, you can hear punk, metal, rap, techno, even folksy acoustic stuff. I usually don't like this approach, but I have to be honest and say there's something very insidious about the record that gets under your skin. The music is kind of sick and off-kilter, even in its catchier moments, with a bit of the atmosphere that makes NIN and Manson queasy. But this is way more fucked-up than



that. I like it and yet I don't. If that sounds cryptic, too bad, because that's the kind of band the Thessalonian Dope Gods are"

— *Wormwood Chronicles* (Dr. Mality/Mike Korn)

"TDG are hard to pin down, including pretty much every rock styling under the sun into this varied and actually quite enjoyable album, but the common thread of a 4x4 beat and the requisite simple but effective guitars ties it all together to give them enough of their own identity. The songs are genuinely good, especially "12-Gauge Deed," which is a riot. Their willingness to experiment with tones and general left of centre approach is to be applauded."

— *Metal Ireland* (Ciaran Tracey)

"A gutpunch to your politically-correct reality!"

— WVUA (Jeff Toxey)

"The songs are a mix of styles, but metal dominates for the most part. The heavier songs are filled with Slayer-like guitar riffs... a metalized electronica/hardcore version of Faith No More and Static X mixed together."

— *T-Town Music* (Joe Kondalski)

"Best known in industrial circles, the band blends everything you would not expect into a big bowl of frustration. This is what I imagine an avant-grade art student may feel like inside their head on a bad day. I am totally struck by the genius or madness of this band, whichever the case may actually be... this is the real deal, straight from the street and filled with reckless abandon instead of big production and catchy lyrics that make 15 year olds want to sing along... Really, if you like creative bands and lean towards the loud and garbled sounding ones, then you owe it to yourself to check these guys out"

— 1340 (Mark Fisher)

"Art metal industrial pop rock that's all over the place... the TDG mix in so many different styles that *High Idol Pulsation* is hard to nail down. I guess the best comparison would be either Foetus or Nine Inch Nails, since fans of Jim and Trent will probably like the TDG quite a bit."

— *Cultcuts* (Rev Spencer Hoyt)

"Talk about true originality. TDG is as bizarre as it gets. Tagged as 'techno-garage-rock,' TDG just makes a dangerous recipe of other influences to go along with their high usage of electronic effects. The CD is way out in left field somewhere and in its own league of individuality, and somehow it all makes sense when you listen to it!

— *Quintessence Metal Webzine* (Wayne Klinger)

"When you put this CD in and you push "play," you don't realize what is happening — this album makes me very conservative."

— *Metal Silvae* (Bucur Razvan)

"TDG is like a gay-fairytale combination of Clutch and Tub Ring, combined with electronic

freak-outs that'll make you want to drag your asshole across grating concrete like a mad-dog with a skanky case of anal-herpes! WE LOVE IT!"

— *Craptabulous.com* (Miss Messy Stench)

"The TDG blend layered samplebytes in-between Jello Biafra-like vocal scowl and beats that owe more to Front 242's industrial paranoia than Ministry's abrasive scrape."

— *Curious Goods*

"A shotgun marriage of Ministry and Sly Stone... will make your brain itch in the best of ways"

— *The Insider*

"*High Idol Pulsation* is a mixed bag of nearly every style and genre of rock and traditional industrial, thrown together in a cacophonous brew. A cosmic pulsating brain [of] wacked-out storytelling lyrics within a musical smorgasbord of sound. This album blends samples, synths, catchy pop tunes, techno, acoustics, hip-hop and funk beats, and even heavier guitar rhythms for a wild and unexpected tasting soup. If you can, imagine hints of Ministry, Kid-606, the vocal styles of Neil Fallon's Clutch, White Zombie, NIN, any Foetus project you can think of, and maybe even the Wax Trax back catalog. Worth investigating, fans of early Scraping Foetus off the Wheel in particular, may really find the TDG highly rewarding."

— *Jackal Blaster* (Jeremy Ponder)

"I like when bands can produce albums where each of the songs sound a little different from one another, but these songs are so extreme it's a little unsettling aurally"

— *Ballbuster* (Melanie Falina)

"Quirky eccentric industrialized rock that jumps from genre to genre like a wood tick... think Melvins meets Clutch and NIN"

— *Maximum Ink* (Andrew Frey)

"There is an industrial element to some of this, but that is just the tip of it, as you also have to throw in the descriptions thrash, hardcore, hip hop/rap, electronic, melodic, bizarre and probably a few more terms to fully describe this album. You won't find two songs in a row that sound similar or for that matter almost throughout the whole album. The final track 'Rattle' is like a twisted version of The Cure done with a bit more grunt. Naturally, you have to be a bit open minded to fully appreciate all that happens on here. If you do walk in with that, you will find a highly entertaining and original album."

— *Primal Agony* (Ian Busch)

"Techno with a bazooka; this band is like a mind-altering lab experiment!

— *Harder Beat* (Marissa Bruce)

"Art that destroys all conventional barriers of sanity"

— *Concrete Web* (TriK)

"*High Idol Pulsation* is not your typical industrial album. Most people think of the distorted vocal anger of Nine Inch Nails or Ministry or the keyboard (drum machine, no guitar) approach of bands like Front 242 or classic Skinny Puppy when they hear the term industrial — it's not the case here... bizarre vocals recall David Bowie and Devo."

— *Transcending the Mundane* (Brett VanPut)

"The TDG's music makes my ass bleed!"

— Jim Cummer (owner, Madhatter Music Co.)

"These guys throw in acoustic guitars and so much more that the only thing they leave out is the kitchen sink. The band makes the effort to make sure that each song you hear is original and doesn't sound like the previous track. Plenty of originality goes into this product and once you hear it, you will agree. The effort put forth by this band is definitely worth a listen."

— *Tragenda.net*

(Joe Florez)

"A particularly amusing disc where the best of industrial music is mixed with disturbing humor — *Lords of Metal* (Horst Vonberg)

"This is a visit to the junk yard of the collective unconscious. What I like about it is that it is strangely tongue-in-cheek

and way off-color funny. It is largely unclassifiable. RK Wilson and ES3 started with this industrial nu-metal 10 years before the genre even had a pulse. It's crazy inventive programming crowned with dark but extremely entertaining lyrics. I rather like it for its fearless exploration of some freaky, churned-up, inner landscapes. It's industrial, cartoonish, middle-ages, Bosch-like, pornographic, Renaissance, free-wheeling weirdness — suitable for framing."

— *Maelstrom* (Nikita)

"The TDG have created the *Led Zeppelin IV* of the industrial world..." — *Hole In the Wall Music*

"With their retromingent attitudes and Heathkit sensibilities, the Thessalonian Dope Gods have piss-marked out a good chunk of territory somewhere in the junkyard of warp metal. The name (an anagram for Pinned To A Dog's Asshole) lets everyone know that the preconscious signifier is going to kick the ass of the repressed signified, and how. Their mix is too light in the basso profundity for the Jeepies to shake anyone's dental work, but the duo's

WWF vocals suggest someone hungry for children al dente."

— Vambo Rools

"Fans of Ministry, Mr. Bungle and the like will sink their teeth deep into this platter of high-intensity weirdness. *High Idol Pulsation* is a journey through sickness and insanity that will leave you wondering whether you should laugh or duck your head under the covers and stay there until Armageddon. With interesting changes, gruff vocals and enough going on beneath the sonic surface to satisfy both fans of prog and tech metal, *HIP* will not disappoint anyone seeking adventure."

— *Sea Of Tranquility* (Jedd Beaudoin)

"Addictively catchy! Spazzy movie samples, twirling grunts, reckless abandonment of the mentally verbose... as unbridled as things seem to develop into, TDG still manages to lasso up a catchy blend of their own unique quirkiness.

TDG have taken the simple laws put down by Ministry and Skinny Puppy and tossed them into an overheated crockpot with a few snaps of cilantro and licorice sticks to create this succulent myriad of repulsive euphoria." — *Horrorwood Babbleon* (Rufus Blisters)

"The sound is a wily, somewhat sonically humorous revival (send-up?) of tinder-sparked industrial poked by hip-hop, but as you can tell

by the closing sequence of opener "Meat Off The Hoof," these guys have heard a ton of music in their lives and are not at a shortage of screen-refreshing ideas."

— *Lollipop Magazine* (Martin Popoff)

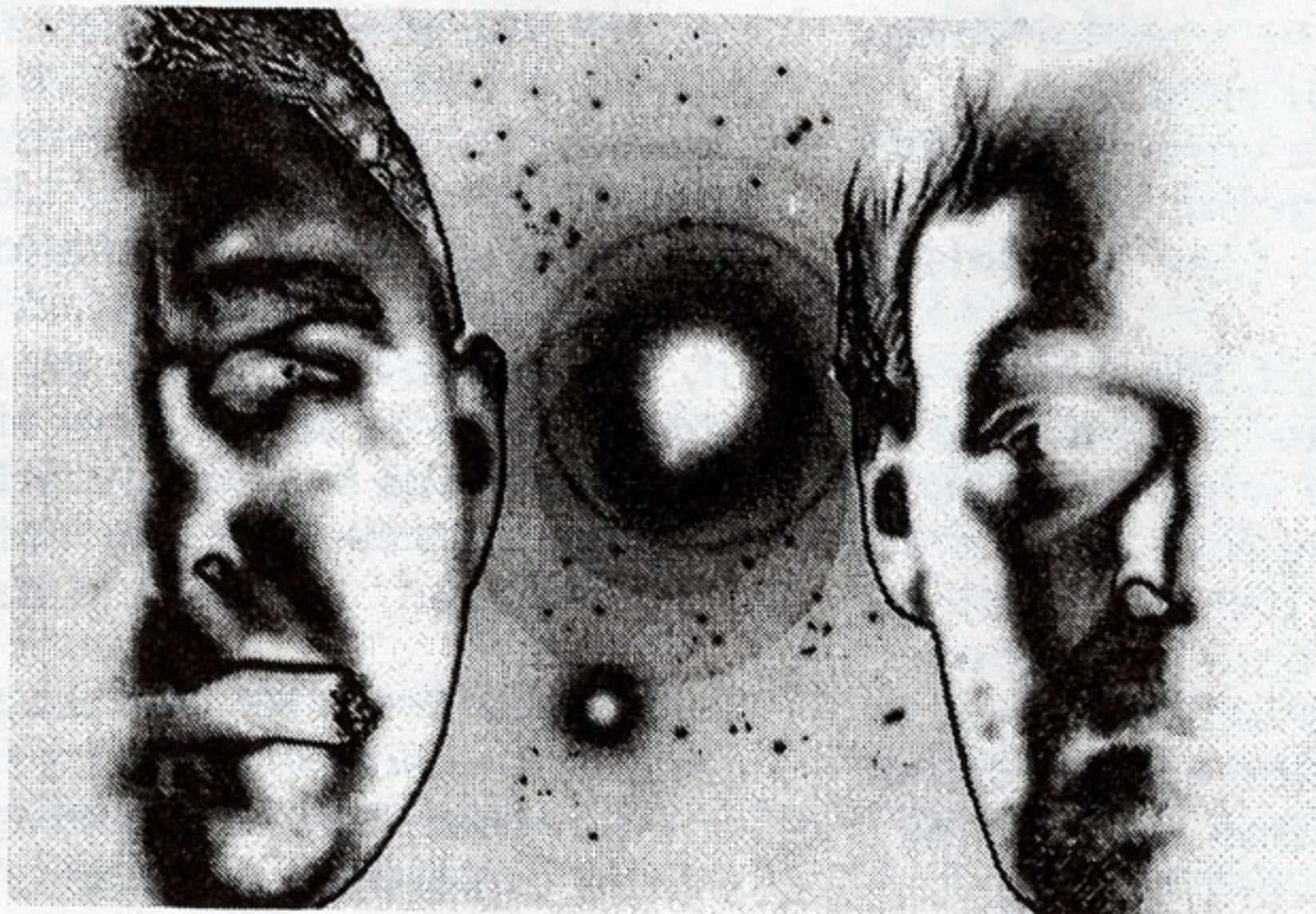
"A damp and chilly, but pleasantly freaky landscape of industrial scrapes, slithers and scratches... loads of trippy samples collide with treated vox over solid constructs with hook and funk, both increasingly rare these days in industrial."

— *Chart Magazine* (Canada)

"Utilizing abrasive guitars driven both by techno beats and manic rhythms, TDG have managed to pull off an album that is wholly creative and rocks hard. Although a common thread of lunacy runs through the tunes, no two songs are alike... a frantic cornucopia of glorious racket."

— *www.Live4Metal.com* (Scott Alisoglu)

"Electronic hell — this band is one bad nightmare... like the older kids that go around on Halloween and steal the little kids' candy... the vox remind me of an evil carnival barker in front of the freak show tent." — *Gear Magazine*



"I wanted to come up with something cool for TDG's description, but my mind is confused. I suppose I could call them 'rock,' but that wouldn't come close to describing them. 'Messed up' better describes the music. These guys definitely like to experiment with different genres of music." — *Adrenalinanzine.com*

"Ohio might be covered in a black cloud thanks to Dink, but bands like Martyr Colony, Nine Inch Nails and the Thessalonian Dope Gods are effectively making it a place to be proud of." — *Industrial Nation*

"The TDG have created a sound for the new millennium — and that's not a statement to be made lightly. The Dope Gods have dabbled in more styles than many artists attempt in a lifetime of work; what makes it successful is their unblinking vision and positive stance." — *The Glass Eye* (Keith Bergman)

"The Thessalonian Dope Gods are incredible — they have a Static X kind of feel to them only, with the Gods, there isn't a lot of technology to keep the heart pumping! The TDG traverse a lot of ground without repeating themselves or those around them while still maintaining their identity." — *Rockhaven* (David Lee)

"Very cool and interesting stuff!" — Mark Pistel (Consolidated)

"Combine healthy doses of Nine Inch Nails, Clint Ruin/Foetus, Nitzer Ebb, Slayer and early Metallica; now toss in slabs of punk, rap, pop, dance, funk and smart-guy electro-doodle — it's totally unclassifiable, totally groovin' and flat-out freakin' brilliant." — *The Music Paper* (NY)

"These techno-rock legends — who were laying down tracks when Trent Reznor was still emptying ashtrays in filthy Cleveland-area studios — are back and in full effect!" — *The Glass Eye* (Frank Esposito)

"Fusing strong electronic beats and metal guitars with rough vocals, TDG have elements of appeal for both electro-heads and metal freaks. Some of their tunes are heavier industrial metal on par with Rammstein... there's also a more laid back techno ride that might appeal to Meat Beat Manifesto fans." — *www.Fishcollective.net*

"This is some of the most twisted shit I've heard in a while — I like it!" — *WXCI* (Bob Hutchings)

"This is a duo straight out of the depths of Hell — these guys play some really fucked-up stuff; industrial-hardcore-techno-punk-funk-classical-hip-hop with a twist of lemon to add flavor. I am not into this type of stuff, I don't know who the hell is, but it grows on ya. They sound like Nine Inch Nails and a drunk guy went to the rave, pissed all over the stereo equipment, scratched all the records, masturbated, and ran

around like a chicken with its head cut off, all while making animal noises and screaming into the mic. It is loud, in-your-face, I-fucked-your-mom-and-it-sucked industrial music. You cannot listen to this whole CD without your head exploding. Even though I am not into this type of stuff, these guys are truly masters." — *Mentholyptus Magazine* (Cleveland)

"This two-man band really does an incredible job for techno garage-rock. In a comparative manner, you could say a creative combination of latter Puppy and Ministry... original and accessible." — *Device Magazine* (Detroit)

"An interesting effort from a band that isn't afraid to take chances." — *Underground Scene Report* (Holland)

"The TDG want to turn five songs into one, making the music harder to digest, but musically all the more interesting... a porridge of Ministry-like sampling and shouting rap-like vocals. Influences of Abstinence and the Vampire Rodents, and to a lesser extent, Malhavoc and NIN, also play a part." — *Phosphor*

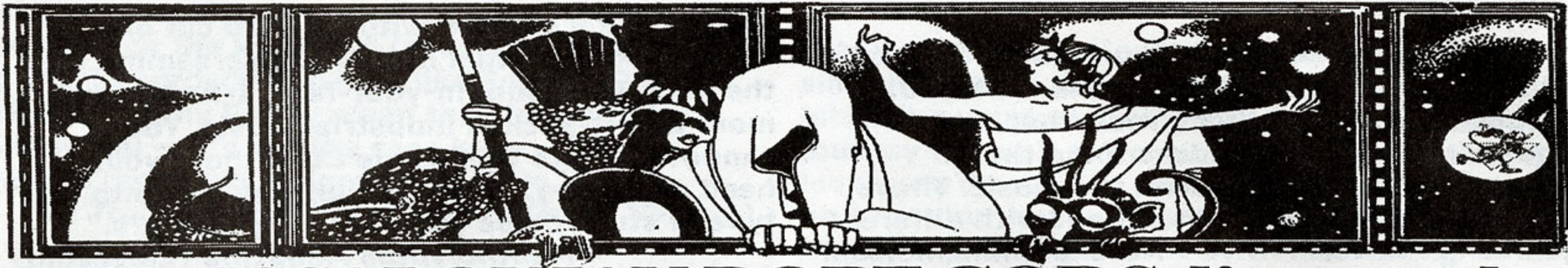
"This band integrates traditional torture-tech with distorted rants... a strong effort overall that should gain the Dope Gods significant attention in the future." — *The Subterranean*

"There's an anarchic, chaotic, even unsettling feeling to *High Idol Pulsation* — their profligate influences are all thrown into the pot, but rather than melt, they bubble and bash into each other, sometimes abrasively enough to throw sparks, never gelling into a smooth ride, but always offering up a different flavor with every bite. Only tangentially metal, but then again only tangentially anything else either, *High Idol Pulsation* is the sound of a thousand stream-of-consciousness brainstormings, all spot-welded together, lashed into form with baling wire and lofted skyward with just enough cocksure certainty that, gravity and convention be damned, it's gonna fly. And it does!" — *Infernal Combustion*

"The only industrial band I listen to!" — Brad Coffin (Five Horse Johnson guitarist)

"Clever, distorted goth rock song reminiscent of Type O Negative or Sisters of Mercy... just might make you think for a minute... industrial meets New Orleans speed metal... *High Idol Pulsation* is a fun industrial rock record (a rare thing) that gets better with repetition" — *Plug-In Music* (Patrick)

"The TDG kick ass! I was super impressed and loved the CD — it's schizophrenic and clever!" — Otto Kinzel (Blunface Records)



A THESSALONIAN DOPE GODS discography

1992 "Phyl" *Exposed I: Various Artists (Sin Klub)*

1992 The Thessalonian Dope Gods *Urban Witchcraft (Sin Klub)*

- 1) Urban Witchcraft
- 2) Murder Incorporated
- 3) Sin & Fear Divine
- 4) Be Nice
- 5) The Destruction of Sennacherib
- 6) Wednesday's Child
- 7) On a Clear Day... / Crack Vile
- 8) Because of Color
- 9) I Say Good Bye
- 10) Gerald Needs Flesh (Live)
- 11) Hesitation



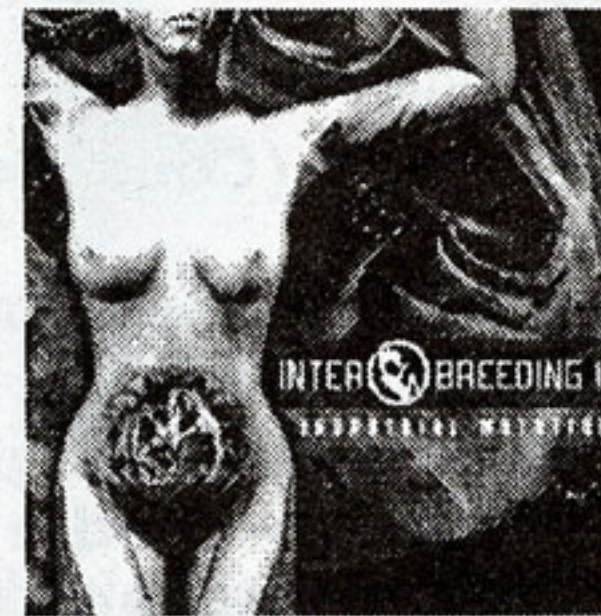
1995 "RIP Liz '69" *Exposed II: Various Artists (Sin Klub)*

1997 "And Then There's Maude" *TV Terror: Various Artists (Re-Constriction/Cargo)*

2000 "Polaris Tongue" *Exposed III: Various Artists (Sin Klub)*

2003 The Thessalonian Dope Gods *High Idol Pulsation (Sin Klub)*

- 1) "Meat of the Hoof"
- 2) "Burying the Equilibrium"
- 3) "Only God Is Meaner"
- 4) "Bring in the Witches"
- 5) "12-Gauge Deed"
- 6) "Licking the Stitches, Loving the Bone"
- 7) "I Got You"
- 8) "Handful of Stars, Mouthful of Retch"
- 9) "Scarehead"
- 10) "Rattle"
- 11) "Soup of the Daycare Center"



2003 "Digital Bitch" (Black Sabbath cover) *The Harder the Better: Volume 5 (Turkey Vulture)*

2003 "Curses" *Interbreeding II: Industrial Mutation (BLC / Metropolis)*

2004 "Only God Is Meaner (Seventh Plague Remix)" *(unreleased; available at website only)*

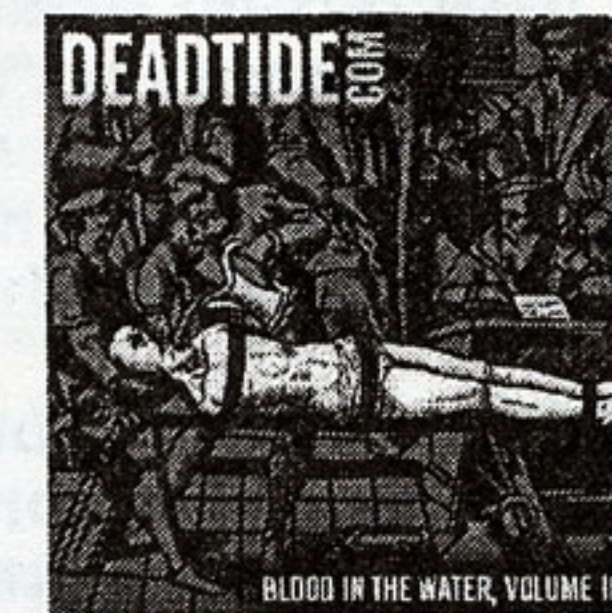
2004 "Bring In the Witches (Consolidated Remix)" *Plant Waves: A Robert Plant Tribute (Mr. Shark Music)*

2005 "Too Loud" (Robert Plant cover) *Blood In the Water: Volume III (Deadtide)*

2007 "Flavoured Vapor Chambre" *All Manner of Beast (Good Eye Shimmy)*

2008 The Thessalonian Dope Gods

- 1) "Volunteer Weapon Inspector"
- 2) "1,000 x No"
- 3) "Swim With the Dolphins, Run With the Bulls"
- 4) "Young Nun"
- 5) "The Uglier Side"
- 6) "Doom An Evil Deed, Liven A Mood"
- 7) "Sleeping Father"
- 8) "Superfrontal Tea Brake"
- 9) "The Greatest Story Never Told"
- 10) "Gangbang Mantra"



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